ATLAS
GUNSMOKE WESTERN

KID COLT AND BILLY BUCKSKIN IN

GUNSMOKE WESTERN

APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY

DEC. NO. 32

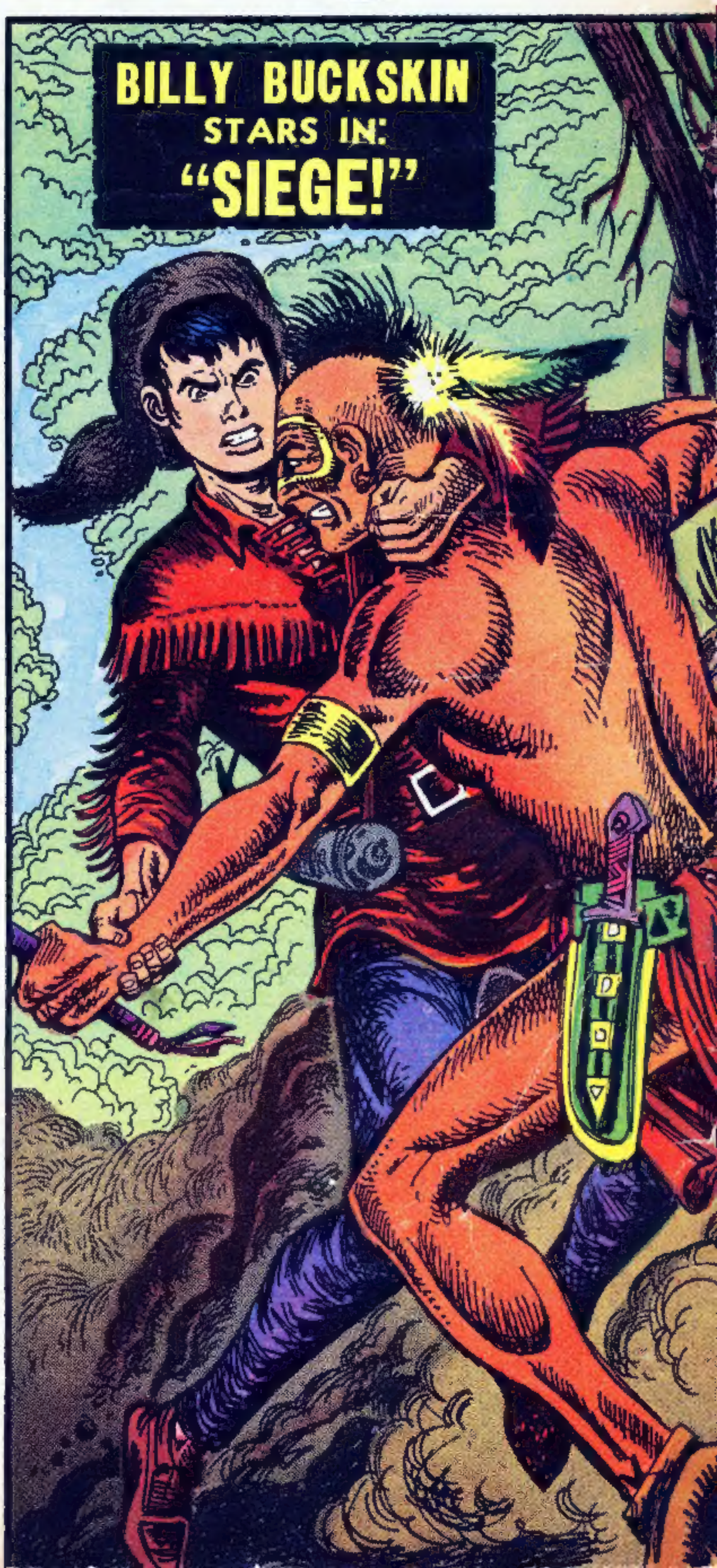
ALL NEW TALES!

10¢

DON'T MISS: "THE PLUNDERERS!"

FEATURING: KID COLT

BILLY BUCKSKIN STARS IN: "SIEGE!"



LOOK AT
SKINNY!
I wouldn't be seen with him!
LATER
...AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE GIRLS LOOK AT YOU!
WHAT A MAN!

SKINNY

MEN ARE OFTEN ASHAMED TO STRIP FOR SPORTS OR FOR A SWIM!

GIRLS ARE NOT ALLURING AND DON'T HAVE EYE-CATCHING CURVES!

CHILDREN WHO WON'T EAT AND ARE UNDER-WEIGHT, OFTEN CALLED SKINNY!

Now at last More-Wate plan that puts firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

GAIN MORE WEIGHT IN 10 DAYS OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day!** Or **your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **4-way** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a full 10 days' supply . . . for just $1.00 or a 30 day supply for only $2.98, plus a 10 day supply free, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

10-DAY SUPPLY ONLY $1.

The 4-way MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a **delicious,** full strength, 4-way tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's delicious, **pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin **B-12** . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients** in **hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds to your arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything.** Act now!

Not one child yet has failed to go for and ask for more MORE-WATE tablets! Stop worrying about children not eating enough, give them MORE-WATE tablets—it stimulates their appetite . . . they eat it like candy!

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SENSATIONAL 10-DAY TEST!

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KID COLT OUTLAW in "THE PLUNDERERS!"

YOU HEARD WHAT I SAID! GET WORD TO MR. MAPES THAT I CAME TO CALL ON HIM!

PRIVATE PROPERTY
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT
CALVIN J. MAPES

THAR'S ONLY ONE THING YOU'RE GONNA DO... YOU'RE GONNA TURN TAIL, AN *VAMOOSE!*

NO ONE DARED CHALLENGE CATTLE BARON, CALVIN J. MAPES, BUT WHEN *KID COLT* HEARD THE STORIES AND SAW THE PROOF FIRSTHAND, HE DECIDED IT WAS TIME TO PAY A CALL!

JACK KELLER

I MADE A POLITE REQUEST, AND I DON'T LIKE *SASS* IN RETURN!

HEY... GET 'IM, BOYS!

THEY DREW, BUT THE KID WAS WAY AHEAD... THE FAMOUS COLTS FLASHING LIKE TWIN BOLTS OUT OF THE BLUE...

OHHH!

THEN, WITH A GENTLE PRESSURE FROM HIS MASTER'S KNEES, THE FAMOUS STALLION CLEARED THE FENCE...

THAT'S IT, STEEL! WE SAID THAT WE WERE CALLING ON MR. MAPES... AND WE *WILL!*

AND THAT MUST BE HIS PLACE, FELLA! I CAN SEE NOW WHAT THEY MEAN, WHEN THEY SAY THAT MAPES DOES THINGS IN A BIG WAY!

ALL RIGHT, COME DOWN FROM THERE... WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

YOU'VE GOT ONE MINUTE TO STATE YOUR PIECE, STRANGER! YOU'VE TRESPASSED ON MY PROPERTY, AND I AIM TO KNOW WHY!

THAT WON'T BE HARD, MR. MAPES! I DIDN'T COME FOR MYSELF, BUT TO SPEAK FOR THE RANCHERS IN THE VALLEY...

YOU'RE A BIG MAN I UNDERSTAND, BUT THAT DOESN'T GIVE YOU THE RIGHT TO DAM UP THE STREAM ON YOUR PROPERTY AND KEEP IT FROM GETTING BELOW! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU LEARNED THE LAW OF "LIVE AND LET LIVE"!

I'LL SHOW YOU THE LAW I LIVE BY!

DAD... *DON'T!*

ANNIE!

ALL RIGHT, HOMBRE... SADDLE UP AN' RIDE!

WHERE'VE YOU BEEN, SLOANE? MUST I HANDLE EVERYTHING?

I'LL HANDLE THIS DRIFTER, MR. MAPES, AN' IF HE EVER SHOWS UP HERE AGAIN... HE'LL RIDE OUT TOES UP!

YOU GET THIS, SLOANE! I'LL BE SHOWING UP AGAIN, AND WHEN I DO, YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO BACK UP THOSE WORDS...OR *EAT* 'EM!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THE RANCH FOREMAN HELD A HURRIED MEETING..

I HEARD ABOUT THIS COLT CHARACTER, SLOANE! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN WORDS TUH GIT RID OF HIM!

I DON'T INTEND TO USE WORDS! THIS IS WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITIN' FOR...A CHANCE TO TAKE OVER THE ***WHOLE*** VALLEY!

BUT WHAT ABOUT MAPES? HE WON'T GO FOR IT!

MAPES ISN'T GOIN' TO HAVE A THING TO SAY! WE'RE GONNA TAKE CARE OF HIM *FIRST!*

OHHHH!

MEANWHILE IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF TWIN FORKS...

I TOLD YOU TALK WOULD GET US NOWHERE, KID! MEANWHILE OUR CATTLE ARE DYIN' OF *THIRST!*

CRANDELL IS RIGHT! I SAY WE RIDE OUT TO THE MAPES PLACE AN' ***BLOW*** UP THE DAM!

SUDDENLY...

WAIT... PLEASE!

IT'S MAPES'S DAUGHTER! WHAT C'N SHE WANT?

SECONDS LATER...

...AND I HEARD EVERYTHING THEY SAID! FIRST THEY'RE PLOTTING AGAINST DAD, THEN THEY'RE GOING TO BRING HIRED GUNMEN... TAKE OVER THE VALLEY!

IT'S A TRAP.. A PACK OF LIES!

IT ISN'T! I KNOW THAT MY FATHER HAS DONE SOME BAD THINGS, BUT HE ISN'T ***CRUEL!*** THE DAMMING OF THE STREAM WAS ACTUALLY SLOANE'S IDEA! HE STARTED OUT AS A FOREMAN, AND NOW HE AND HIS GUNMEN ARE RUNNING THINGS!

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THE GAL!

ME TOO!

I'M WORRIED, MR. COLT! I FIRST TRIED TO WARN DAD, BUT HE WAS OUT SOMEWHERE ON THE RANGE... THEN I CAME STRAIGHT TO YOU!

YOU DID RIGHT, ANNE... AND WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

BUT A SECOND LATER...

AN ***AMBUSH!*** TAKE ***COVER!***

WE'VE GOT THE GAL'S FATHER, COLT! EITHER YOU THROW DOWN YORE GUNS NOW, OR WHAT HAPPENS TO THE OLD GUY'LL BE ON YORE ***CONSCIENCE!***

PLEASE... DO AS THEY SAY!

AN' I STILL SAY IT'S A ***TRAP!***

WE'RE THROWIN' DOWN OUR GUNS ...ALL OF US!

THEY CLOSED IN SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, GUNS DRAWN AND LEVELLED... THEIR SNEERS TWISTING THEIR LIPS...

NOW YOU BOYS'LL LEARN THERE'S A NEW LAW IN THE VALLEY, AN' AS FER YOU, COLT... I'VE GOT ***SPECIAL*** PLANS!

THAT SO, SLOANE...

AND I'VE GOT PLANS OF MY OWN...

OHHH!

GRAB UP YOUR *IRONS*, MEN... HOP TO IT!

LEAPING TO THE KID'S COMMAND, THE RANCHERS RALLIED TO HIS COURAGEOUS EXAMPLE...

OHHHH!

AND THE THUNDERING COLTS LED ALL THE REST IN THE BLAZING SYMPHONY OF EXPLODING SIX-GUNS...

SOON THE BATTLE HAD ENDED.. THE RANCHERS TRIUMPHANT...

I'VE DONE SOME BLUNDERIN' THINGS IN MY TIME, BUT THAT'S ALL BEHIND ME NOW!

OH, *DAD!*

THE WORD WAS GIVEN, AND THEN THE DAM ROCKED TO A THUNDEROUS BLAST...

YAHOO!

YIPPEEEE!

YOU'LL NEVER REGRET THIS, MR. MAPES!

I RECKON AN' OLD DOG CAN LEARN NEW TRICKS AFTER ALL, KID! FROM NOW ON IT'S LIKE YOU SAID... ***LIVE AN' LET LIVE!*** I THINK IT'LL WORK OUT ***FINE!***

THE END

KID COLT *RISKS ALL IN HIS DARING EXPLOITS TO KEEP THE WEST SAFE! KEEP UP WITH* ***ALL*** *HIS ADVENTURES IN* ***KID COLT OUTLAW!***

DESERTED TOWN

IN the center of the main street of Roaring Vale, a small lizard crept out of a hole in the ground, swivelled its long slender neck around. The fine, delicate snout of the creature sniffed at the morning breeze. It had no way of knowing that fifty years before, the very spot on which it was now standing was the busiest intersection of the boom town of Roaring Vale. Over that intersection had crossed, ten to the minute, heavily loaded wagons bearing produce for sale to the silver miners. Mounted men in ten gallon hats, with guns at their belts, had ridden by, tall and proud in the saddle. There had been a kind of rough City Council, too, and it had held weekly meetings to transact whatever civic business there was in the office of the Roaring Vale Courier on the southwest corner of the intersection.

The Courier office was boarded up, now, most of its panes of plate glass imported at great expense from San Francisco smashed and lying in shards on the wooden walk. The little church two blocks away was similarly boarded up. All the false fronts along the main street sagged, and some of them had begun to fall, warped and torn from their moorings by the intense, scintillant heat of the noonday sun and the sharp, piercing cold of the nights.

All except one.

A man emerged from the doorway of a building over which still hung a weathered, creaking sign that read: General Store, Roaring Vale. He was old and grizzled and his hair had seen its last cut five years before. In patched levis and a battered ten gallon hat, wearing well-worn, hand-cobbled boots, he came into the sunlight holding a bird. It had fallen, weeks before, with an injured wing, in the backyard of the building where Doc Tallant had made his last stand. Once the doctor of all Roaring Vale, he was now grown so old that his hand could no longer hold an instrument. But it could still heal what was not beyond healing. With a smile on his lined face he opened his hands and let the bird go. It took off in a great flutter of wings, heading west toward the mountains.

Doc Tallant watched it fly off with a sense of having lost a friend. He had no friends now, no acquaintances, for Roaring Vale was a ghost town, visited once in a while by tourists who liked to purchase odds and ends of fixtures from the buildings and who occasionally bought one of the empty bottles that Doc kept in the yard back of the old general store. They lay there in rows, washed and cleaned, soaking up the unfailing sunlight. And slowly their clear glass was turning color, into various shades of violet and royal purple.

The lizard crept back quickly into its hole at the unaccustomed sound of flapping wings. Doc glanced at it almost with reluctance for, with its going he was now really alone. He sat down wearily on the steps of the wooden sidewalk and pondered. He had just a few handfulls of flour left and a few strips of bacon and some canned meat. When that was gone the only recourse was to ask for a handout at the county poor farm. The trouble was that Roaring Vale was far, far off the beaten track for tourists. They came there only when they'd heard of the place, and it was a long, weary journey over sixty miles of hot desert. The last person through there had been Bent Parson, the postman from Largoville who occasionally brought Doc his mail . . . mostly advertisements . . . out of pity.

Doc looked up suddenly, hearing an odd but familiar sound coming down the main street. It was an ancient car, peeling and battered, and it belonged to Bent Parson. The vehicle wheezed up to Doc and stopped. Bent, almost as old as Doc, but considerably bigger, got out and grinned as he handed Doc a flock of broadsides.

"Stuff you can't buy anyway," Bent said. He leaned back into the car, dragged out a bag of flour and a sack of canned goods. "Hrrrump!" he coughed. "Martha and I thought you'd need a few things, Doc. You can pay for 'em when you get the money."

"When I get the money," Doc echoed tonelessly. "Wonder when that will be." He stared at the food. Even this new batch wouldn't last too long.

"How's business?" Bent asked, staring round the ghostly, old town. Wind sighed through the alleys between the buildings.

Doc shrugged.

"Haven't sold a thing in a good many weeks," he said.

CONTINUED BEFORE LAST STORY

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dry up in 3 days
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

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☐ Send C.O.D., I'll pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. charges.

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Foreign and APO's—No COD's

SHOWDOWN at Sunup

NO MAN CAN ESCAPE HIS DESTINY! LEAST OF ALL, AN OUTLAW WITH A GUN FOR HIRE! CAL NOONAN KNEW THIS, BUT HE TRIED NOT TO THINK OF IT! TRIED TO AVOID THE FATE THAT WAITS FOR EVERY BUSHWHACKER WHEN HIS EYE IS NO LONGER KEEN, HIS SENSES SHARP, HIS MUSCLES QUICK!

THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE ME! LEASTWAYS I DID LOOK THAT WAY... A DOZEN YEARS AGO BEFORE I WENT AWAY! NOW I'M BACK AND THEY'RE STILL A-LOOKIN' FOR ME!

WANTED

DEAD OR A

H233

THE RIDER SLUMPED WEARILY IN THE CREAKY SADDLE, REMEMBERING THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS THE MOST FEARED OF ALL OUTLAWS! HE GRINNED WRYLY AT THE PICTURE...

FOLKS IN THESE PARTS NEVER FORGET! I DID 'EM WRONG ONCE, AND THEY'LL HUNT ME TILL THEY GET ME!

DEAD OR ALIVE

HE SET SPURS TO HIS HORSE AND LEANED FORWARD... GALLOPING DOWNHILL TO THE TOWN OF LITTLE CREEK.

WELL, IF THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOT TO BE, THEY'LL GET THEIR WISH... LONG AS I SEE ESMERALDA AND THE BOY FIRST!

LITTLE CREEK WAS A SLEEPY FRONTIER TOWN THAT WAS ONCE THE HIDE-OUT OF OUTLAWS, BUT CAL NOONAN FOUND NO SEMBLANCE OF THE OLD TYPE ROUGHNESS...

MAYBE THAT WAS AN OLD POSTER... MAYBE THEY HAVE FORGOTTEN ME...HOW I HOPE SO...

NO! THERE'S ANOTHER ONE... AND ANOTHER! LOOKS LIKE ALL THIS TOWN LIVES FOR IS TO CATCH ME! WELL, THAT WON'T TAKE MUCH DOIN'!

I'LL JUST WALK OVER TO THE SHERIFF AND GIVE MYSELF UP! I AIN'T HANKERIN' TO DO ANY ***GUNFIGHTIN'!***

HE BRACED HIMSELF FOR THIS MOMENT OF SURRENDER, THEN STEPPED INSIDE...

YUH BEEN LOOKIN' FOR ME A LONG TIME, SHERIFF, SO HERE I AM!

SO I SEE, BUT WHO ARE YUH, STRANGER... AND ***WHY*** AM I LOOKIN' FOR YUH?

DON'T REMEMBER ME, HUH, SHERIFF? RECKON I ***HAVE*** CHANGED IN TWELVE YEARS!

JUMPIN' TOADFISH! 'SCUSE ME, PARDNER! WAIT AROUND!

SHERIFF! CAL NOONAN'S BEEN SPOTTED AT THE RIDGE ROAD!

WAIT... I'M...

DON'T BOTHER ME, MISTER? I'M AFTER ***BIG GAME!***

WHAT D'YUH KNOW! CAN'T EVEN GIVE MYSELF UP! WELL, MAYBE I'LL GO OVER AND SEE ESMERALDA...

RAISE 'EM, SHERIFF!

WHA...?

...YUH LOOK JUST LIKE...

I KNOW... CAL NOONAN! BUT I SEE YUH AIN'T THE SHERIFF, OLD-TIMER, SO I'LL JUST MOSEY ON AN' LOOK FOR HIM!

WAIT A MINUTE! I... WANT TO TALK TO YUH!

GOT NO TIME! JUST TELL THE SHERIFF I'LL BE WAITIN' FOR HIM AT EAGLE MOUNTAIN AT SUNUP... IF HE'S GOT THE NERVE TO COME AND TAKE ME!

THE OLD MAN STARED AT THE EMPTY DOORWAY! HE HAD SEEN HIS OWN DOUBLE, THE GHOST OF HIMSELF AS HE HAD BEEN TWELVE YEARS BEFORE...

THAT GUNMAN... THAT BANK ROBBER ... I KNOW WHO HE IS!

...HE'S MY **BOY!** MINE AND ESMERALDA'S... AND HE'S TURNED OUT JUST LIKE ME!

THEY AIN'T AFTER **ME!** IT'S **HIM** THEY WANT! THIS IS ALL MY FAULT! IT'S **ME** THAT MADE HIM LIKE THIS... HE FOLLOWED MY EXAMPLE!

EXCUSE ME, PLEASE!

THE OLD EX-BANDIT TURNED AND SAW THE WEARY WOMAN AT THE DOOR! THE YEARS HAD LEFT THEIR MARK, BUT HE KNEW HER, IT WAS ESMERALDA, HIS WIFE WHOM HE HAD LEFT TWELVE YEARS AGO...

YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR MY BOY, AREN'T YOU? HE'S BAD I KNOW... BUT YOU'VE GOT TO UNDERSTAND... THE BLAME'S HIS FATHER'S!

HIS FATHER'S?

YES! EVER SINCE CAL WAS A YOUNG 'UN I'VE TRIED TO KEEP HIM FROM KNOWIN' THAT HIS DAD WAS THE NOTORIOUS CAL NOONAN! THEN SOMEONE TOLD HIM WHO HIS DAD WAS, AN' HE FIGURED HE WAS FASTER AND TOUGHER THAN ANYONE AROUND!

I UNDERSTAND, MA'AM... AN' NOTHIN' WRONG'LL HAPPEN TO HIM!

THANK YOU, SIR!

WHAT ABOUT OLD CAL? WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?

PRISON! SENT THERE FOR TWENTY YEARS! I LOVED HIM, BUT HE WAS BAD!

YES, MA'AM!

MY BOY ONLY COMMITTED **ONE** CRIME! IF HE PAYS FOR IT, THAT WON'T BE SO TERRIBLE, WILL IT?

NO, MA'AM! A MAN'S GOT TO PAY FOR WHAT HE'S DONE! THEN EVERYTHING BECOMES CLEAR TO HIM! JUST YOU GO ALONG! I'LL TAKE CARE O' YORE BOY!

THE OLD LADY RODE OFF, AND MINUTES LATER, THE SHERIFF RETURNED...

GOT CLEAN AWAY! BUT WE'LL GET HIM! NOW, WHAT WAS IT YOU WANTED TO TELL ME, STRANGER?

NOTHIN' MUCH, SHERIFF!

THAT NIGHT CAL NOONAN LEFT TOWN AS HE HAD COME, ALONE AND UNNOTICED...

COULDN'T LET ESMERALDA KNOW THAT I WAS PAROLED FOR GOOD BEHAVIOR AND THAT I'VE LEARNED MY LESSON! GOT A JOB TO DO FIRST... THE ***BIGGEST*** JOB OF MY LIFE!

THE PATH TO THE TOP OF EAGLE MOUNTAIN WAS STEEP AND TWISTED! IT TOOK ALL NIGHT TO CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT BUT CAL MADE IT AT LAST!

HE'S UP HERE WAITIN'... WAITIN' FOR THE SHOW-DOWN THAT COMES TO EVERY MAN...

... AND I'VE GOT TO GIVE HIM THAT SHOW-DOWN... ME, HIS OWN FATHER!

OUT OF THE LONG DEAD PAST, CAL NOONAN DREW THE STRENGTH HE NEEDED FOR THE SHOWDOWN! HE MOVED AND ACTED SWIFTLY!

BLAST YUH, YUH OL' GAFFER! I'LL...

YUH'LL WHAT? YUH CAN'T DO A THING, YOUNG 'UN...

...NOT A THING! I'M DOIN' IT ALL!

JUST RAISE 'EM NICE AND EASY-LIKE, BOY! THEN YOU AN' ME'LL AMBLE ON DOWN TO SEE THE SHERIFF! HOW D' YUH FEEL ABOUT THAT, SON?

YUH BEAT ME! I DIDN'T THINK THERE WAS A MAN *ALIVE* COULD BEAT ME! I GUESS I AIN'T THE MAN I THOUGHT I WAS! I'LL COME ALONG!

WHEN YUH SAY THAT, YOUNG 'UN, IT SHOWS YOU *ARE* A MAN! YORE FATHER LEARNED TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE, TOO... AND HE LEARNED THERE'S NO BETTER ROAD TO RIDE THAN THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW!

MY FATHER? WHAT DO YUH KNOW ABOUT MY FATHER? THAT'S WHY I DID ALL THIS... TO BE LIKE *HIM!*

BUT OLD CAL NOONAN DIDN'T REPLY! TOGETHER, THEY RODE DOWN THE TRAIL TO THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

HE CAME IN WILLIN', SHERIFF! SAID HE WANTED TO GIVE UP!

GOOD THING! THIS WAY IT'S HIS FIRST OFFENSE AND THE JUDGE'LL GO EASY ON HIM!

IF HE JUST DIDN'T HANKER SO TO BE LIKE HIS DAD, HE'D BE ALL RIGHT, BUT... HEY, STRANGER! WHERE YUH GOIN'?

GOT TO SEE ESMERALDA! GOT TO TELL HER THAT HER BOY CHANGED...

...JUST LIKE HIS DAD DID!

THE END

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WHEN YOUR GRAZING LAND IS THREATENED WITH AN INVASION OF SHEEP, WHEN YOUR CATTLE HERDS ARE FORCED TO SHARE THEIR PASTURE AND WATER WITH THE BLEATING DROVES OF THE SHEEP-MEN, THEN EVERYTHING'S FAIR TO USE IN FIGHTING THEM OFF! THAT'S WHA GIG HARPER SAID, EVEN THOUGH HE HATED TO DO WHAT HE WAS FORCED TO DO! HE ALREADY HAD USED HIS FISTS AND HIS GUNS BUT THEY DID NO GOOD! NOW HE HAD TO USE THE MOST DREADED WEAPON OF ALL...

BARBED WIRE!

JUST STAND BY, BOYS, AND DON'T LIFT A GUN OR A FINGER! I KIN HANDLE THIS MANGY SHEEP HERDER BY MYSELF!

THIS SAME GOES FOR YOU CRITTERS! I'LL BEAT THIS MISER TO A PULP AND SHOW HIM HE DOESN'T OWN THE EARTH!

LAST CHANCE BAR

H 2.10

THE LAND'S *MINE*, BARTOE, AND NO ORNERY SQUATTER'S GONNA USE IT TO FEED SHEEP ON

AN' THE GOVERNMENT SAYS THERE'S PLENTY OF GRAZIN' GROUND FOR *BOTH* OUR HERDS! I'VE GOT AS MUCH RIGHT TO IT AS YOU HAVE!

YO'RE JUST PLAIN NO GOOD, BARTOE! I HEARD ABOUT YOU! ALL YUH THINK ABOUT IS SHEEP!

AND MULEHEADS LIKE YOU MAKE ME CARE FOR HUMAN CRITTERS EVEN *LESS!*

LET'S PAUSE FOR A MOMENT AND CONSIDER THESE TWO MEN LOCKED IN BATTLE, THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS TORN BY ANGER, BITTERNESS AND SAVAGERY! ONE WAS SELFISH WITH HIS LANDS, A RESENTER OF INTRUDERS, A NATURAL ENEMY OF ALL WHO INVADED HIS CATTLE GROUNDS, NO MATTER WHAT THEIR CLAIM TO THEM! THIS WAS GIG HARPER...

THE OTHER, RED BARTOE, WAS ONE WHO, THRU YEARS OF FRUSTRATION AND BETRAYAL, HAD LOST ALL FAITH IN HIS FELLOW MAN AND WHO HELD THE LIVES OF OTHERS AS CHEAPLY! SO HE HAD TURNED ALL HIS AFFECTION, ALL HIS CARE AND CONSIDERATION TO THE TENDING OF HIS VAST SHEEP HERDS...

HOLD IT, BOYS! THIS AIN'T DOIN' NO GOOD! HOLD IT UP, I SAID, OR I LOCK YUH BOTH UP!

JUST LOCK ME UP WITH HIM; THAT'S ALL I ASK!

TOO BAD YOU MEN CAN'T SEE EYE TO EYE ON THIS! THE WEST IS BIG! BIG ENOUGH TO TAKE CARE O' BOTH O' YOU!

I'M TAKIN' CARE O' HIM RIGHT PROPER!

JUST MOSEY ALONG AND DON'T START ANY TROUBLE IN TOWN! ANYTHING YUH WANT TUH WORK OUT, DO IT ON YORE OWN PROPERTY! ONLY THIS FIGHTIN' AN' FEUDIN'S GOT TO STOP BEFORE SOMEBODY GETS HURT BAD! NOW GIT, ALL O' YUH!

ALL RIGHT! I'M GITTIN'! BUT I'M TELLIN' YUH *THIS*, GIG HARPER... I'M BRINGIN' MY SHEEP THRU AT ***DAWN*** AND IF YUH TRY TO STOP ME, GET READY FOR A REAL ***WAR***!

BRING THEM RUMMY-NOSED CRITTERS OF YOURN ONTO MY LANDS, RED BARTOE, AND I'LL BE MORE THAN READY FOR YUH!

THE DIE WAS CAST! A CHALLENGE HAD BEEN MADE AND ACCEPTED! NOTHING WOULD STOP THESE TWO MEN NOW! BOTH HAD HATRED IN THEIR HEARTS AND NEITHER WOULD GIVE AN INCH! AND WHILE BARTOE RODE OFF TO GATHER HIS HERDS FOR THE DRIVE INTO GIG HARPER'S LAND, THE CATTLEMAN MADE HIS OWN PLANS...

GET ME BARBED WIRE, SCOTTY... ROLLS OF IT... ALL YUH CAN BUY AN' GET YORE HANDS ON! I'M STOPPIN' THEM SHEEP *MY* WAY!

BARBED WIRE...

BARBED WIRE? WHAT'S GOT INTO THE BOSS, SCOTTY?

DON'T KNOW! MAYBE IT'S LIKE BARTOE SAYS... MAYBE HE'S TURNED MEAN AN' ORNERY!

NO REAL MAN O' THE WEST LIKES TO PUT BOUNDARIES ON HIS LANDS...'SPECIALLY WHEN IT'S BARBED WIRE BOUNDARIES... THAT STUFF CAN TEAR A CRITTER TO PIECES!

HERE'S TH' WIRE, BOSS!

OKAY! STRING IT UP ALONG THE NORTH AND WEST CORNER! THAT'S WHERE BARTOE WILL BE COMIN' THRU... OR *TRYING* TO COME THRU!

THE HANDS OF THE BAR-T WORKED THRU THE NIGHT TO STRING UP THE FORMIDABLE BARRIERS! THOUSANDS OF NEEDLE POINTS CLOSED THE WAY FOR THE COMING OF THE SHEEP! THE TASK WAS ONE THAT THE MEN DESPISED BUT THEY KEPT ON...

DUNNO IF I LIKE WORKIN' FOR A MAN LIKE GIG, SCOTTY!

THEN WHO'D YUH WANNA WORK FOR... A SHEEP MAN LIKE THAT BARTOE WHO DON'T CARE IF A HAND LIVES OR DIES?

MEANWHILE, THERE WAS DISSENSION IN THE RANKS OF BARTOE'S MEN...

RED, WE'RE WITH YUH ALL THE WAY, BUT GIG HARPER'S STANDIN' FOR NO FOOLIN'! IF WE DRIVE THE SHEEP THRU, ANYTHIN' C'N HAPPEN!

YUH GET GOOD MONEY FOR TAKIN' CHANCES WITH ME! SO SHUT UP AND GET READY FOR THE DRIVE!

YUH CALL THIS WORK ... DRIVIN' SHEEP TO BE SLAUGHTERED?

BUT RED'S RIGHT! HE TOLD US WHEN WE WERE HIRED IT WAS TOUGH WORK AN' HE'S PAYIN' US PLENTY! 'SIDES, WHERE ELSE CAN WE GET WORK? CATTLEMEN WON'T HIRE US AFTER WORKIN' FOR BARTOE!

ALL RIGHT! STOP THE GABBIN' AN' GET MOVIN'! IT'S SUNUP AN' I PROMISED HARPER I'D BRING MY SHEEP THRU AT DAWN! AN' NOTHIN'S STOPPIN' US!

NOTHING? WHAT WOULD RED BARTOE HAVE SAID IF HE KNEW HIS PATH WAS CROSSED BY ROWS UPON ROWS OF *BARBED WIRE*?

ACROSS THE PLAINS CAME THE HERDS OF SHEEP... ALONGSIDE AND BEHIND THEM RODE GRIM SHEEPHANDS, DESPISING THEIR JOBS BUT READY FOR ANYTHING THE CATTLEMEN MIGHT HAVE READY! AND RED BARTOE GRITTED HIS TEETH AS HE DREW CLOSER TO THE MAN HE DESPISED WORST OF ALL!

RED! LOOK! BARBED WIRE!

TOLD YUH THAT MAN WAS HEARTLESS! HE'D KILL HELPLESS CRITTERS JUST TO WIN A POINT! WELL, HE'S STILL NOT STOPPIN' ME! 'SWITCH THE DRIVE AROUND AWAY FROM THE WIRE AND TO THE OTHER CORNER!

AND THE WAITING CATTLEMEN SAW THE FAR-OFF DUST CLOUD THAT TOLD THEM THE SHEEPMEN HAD CHANGED THEIR COURSE!

THEY'RE STAYIN' CLEAR OF THE WIRE, GIG! THEY'RE COMIN' THRU!

THAT'S WHAT *THEY* THINK! DRAW, MEN! WE'LL GIVE 'EM A TASTE O' GUNSMOKE!

BOSS! YUH CAN'T DO ANY SHOOTIN'! THE STOCK IS JITTERY...IT'LL STAMPEDE OUR OWN CATTLE!

LET 'EM STAMPEDE! I'M NOT LETTIN' THEM SHEEPMEN THRU HERE!

AT THE FIRST CRACK OF GIG'S SIX-SHOOTER, THE RESTLESS STEERS SNORTED ANGRILY AND RUSHED AWAY FROM THE SOUND OF THE SHOT...

BUT THEN THEY REALIZED THEY HAD LEFT THE COWS BEHIND AND THEY CHARGED BACK WITH THUNDERING HOOFS! NOW THE FRIGHTENED COWS SAW THEM COMING AND THEMSELVES FELT THE PANIC AND UNCERTAINTY! MORE SHOTS FILLED THE AIR AS RED BARTOE ANSWERED GIG'S FIRE!

TAKE IT EASY, GIG! CAN'T YUH SEE WHAT YO'RE DOIN' TO YOUR CATTLE?

IF YO'RE SCARED, GET OUTA HERE!

THE COWBOYS WERE NO FOOLS...TO STAY WAS TO DIE! SO LOYAL SCOTTY SEIZED THE REINS OF GIG'S HORSE AND PULLED HIM OUT OF THE WAY OF THE STAMPEDING HERD WHILE RED, YELLING IN RAGE, CHARGED ALONE AFTER THE CATTLE BOSS...

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' AWAY, HARPER! YOU SET A TRAP FOR ME AND NOW YO'RE PAYIN' FOR IT!

LEGGO, SCOTTY! LET ME GET A GOOD CRACK AT HIM!

THE STRAIN AND VIOLENCE UPON GIG'S SADDLE WAS TOO MUCH! THE SADDLESTRAP SPLIT AND BROKE...

AND THE CATTLE BOSS FLEW THRU THE AIR...

NOW A MORE TERRIBLE DISASTER CONFRONTED HIM! ON CAME THE FRIGHTENED CATTLE... RIGHT AT HIM! GIG GRITTED HIS TEETH... HE WAS HOPELESSLY TRAPPED!

BUT SUDDENLY A CHARGING HORSEMAN, GUN BLAZING INTO THE AIR, SWEPT BETWEEN HIM AND THE HERD!

AND RED BARTOE SWEPT DOWN FROM THE SADDLE TO FREE GIG HARPER FROM HIS OWN PRISON WHILE THE CATTLE THUNDERED OFF...

YUH...YUH COULDA LEFT ME HERE... AND ALL YOUR TROUBLES WOULDA BEEN OVER! WHY'D YUH SAVE ME, BARTOE? I KNOW YOU'RE A HEARTLESS MAN!

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT TOO, HARPER...

...UNTIL I SAW YUH LIKE THAT... AND THEN I KNEW NO SHEEP'S WORTH ANY MAN'S LIFE... NOT EVEN THAT OF AN ORNERY, SELFISH...

STOP RIGHT THERE, BARTOE...

THE LAND'S CLEAR! GUESS WE BOTH LEARNED A LESSON FROM THIS BARBED WIRE! IT SERVED ITS PURPOSE AND I DON'T NEED IT ANY MORE!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

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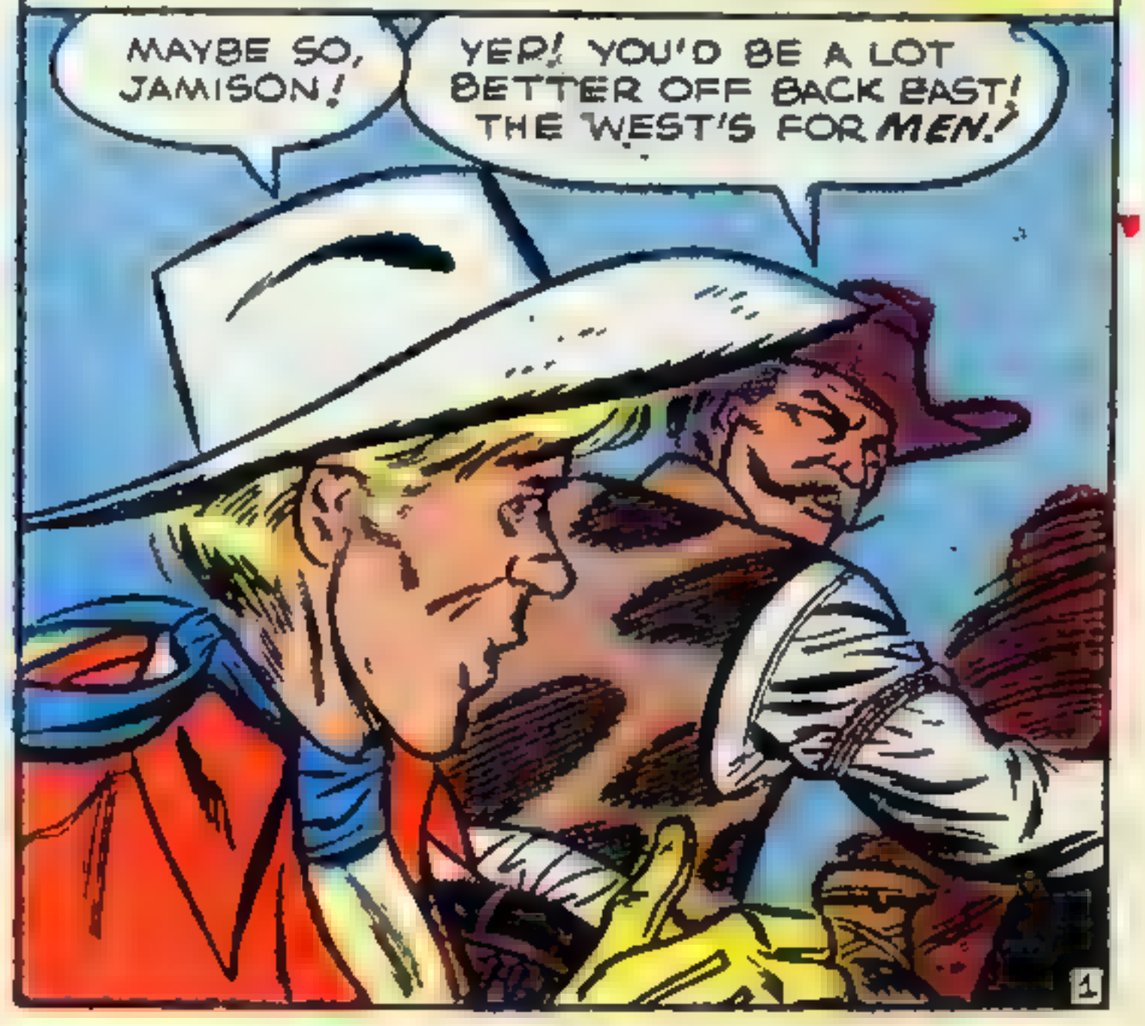
"I'M QUITTIN'!" THAT'S WHAT DEAN HAMMER SAID! "THIS COWBOY LIFE'S NO WAY OF LIVIN'! I'M FINISHIN' UP MY WORK, COLLECTIN' MY PAY AND I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE FOR GOOD AND GOIN' BACK TO WHERE THERE'S SOME CIVILIZATION! NOTHIN'S GONNA KEEP ME HERE ANY LONGER! THIS IS THE...

LAST ROUNDUP!"

STRONG WORDS, DEAN! MANY A COWPOKE'S SAID 'EM BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE WEST THAT KEEPS 'EM COMIN' BACK FOR JUST ONE MORE LAST ROUNDUP!
WELL, THIS IS ONE COWPOKE THAT'S GONNA LIVE UP TO WHAT HE SAYS!
H209

I GUESS I'M NOT LIKE THE REST OF YOU! I CAN'T FIGHT WITH MY FISTS AND I DON'T LIKE USIN' A GUN ON ANOTHER HUMAN BEIN'!
MAYBE YUH JUST GOT A PLAIN OL' YELLA STREAK DOWN YOUR BACK, DEAN!

SOME OTHER MAN WOULD HAVE DRAWN METAL AT THE WORDS OR LASHED OUT WITH CLENCHED FIST! BUT DEAN HAMMER ONLY WINCED UNDER THE ACCUSATION!



THE BOSS IS TAKIN' THIS HARD, DEAN! HE NEVER HAD A SON AND HE TOOK A LIKIN' TO YOU WHEN YOU CAME TO WORK FOR HIM! FIGURED HE'D MAKE..YOU A FOREMAN ONE DAY... AND THEN LEAVE THE RANCH TO YOU WHEN HE DIED!

I KNOW...

AND I LIKE HIM, TOO! STILL, WHAT GOOD WOULD I BE? THIS LIFE ISN'T FOR ME!

CHOW! COME AND GET IT!

HOW DO I RILE THAT BOY UP TO SHOW THE MANHOOD I KNOW IS IN HIM, PETE?

I DUNNO, BOSS! GUESS HE JUST AIN'T GOT IT IN HIM, THAT'S ALL!

MY OWN BOY... IF HE'D LIVED... WOULDA BEEN HIS AGE! BUT HE WOULDN'TA BEEN YELLOW, PETE! I WANT A REAL MAN TO LEAVE MY RANCH TO!

DEAN'S GOT SOME DIFFERENT IDEAS, JAMISON! IT'S NOT WRONG TO FEEL THE WAY HE DOES ABOUT GUNS AND FIGHTIN'! ANYWAY, HE SAYS THIS IS HIS LAST ROUNDUP AND THEN ADIOS TO THE WEST!

PETE HANNON LOOKED AFTER THE WEARY AND DISAPPOINTED OLD MAN, HIS EYES TOUCHED WITH THE LIGHT OF SYMPATHY...

DOC SAYS HE AIN'T GOT LONG TO LIVE... BUT HE'D DIE HAPPY IF HE KNEW DEAN WAS MAN ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE RANCH! I **GOT** TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!

SLOWLY, THE GRIM FACE CRINKLED INTO A GRIN...

ANY MAN'LL GET RILED UP IF HE'S PUSHED TOO FAR, ESPECIALLY IF YOU PUSH HIM ON A TENDER SPOT! DEAN LIKES THE OLD MAN SO LET'S SEE HOW FAR I CAN PUSH HIM!

GOOD THING YOU'RE LEAVIN', DEAN! I JUST HEARD THE OLD MAN SAYIN' THAT HE WANTS TO TURN THE RANCH OVER TO YOU AFTER HE DIES BECAUSE IT'S LOADED WITH DEBT AND YOU'RE FOOL ENOUGH TO BE THE ONLY ONE WHO WOULD ACCEPT IT!

WHAT?

THAT'S RIGHT! JAMISON'S A SLY FOX!

DON'T SAY THAT, PETE! HE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME...

DON'T TELL ME TO SHUT UP! IT'S THE TRUTH! WHY DID YUH THINK HE PICKED YOU INSTEAD OF ONE OF US WISER HANDS? BECAUSE HE'S A SHREWD OL' GOAT AN' WANTS TO PUT ONE OVER ON YOU!

STOP IT, PETE! I'M WARNIN' YUH!

BEFORE HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING, DEAN LASHED OUT AT THE SHOUTING, JEERING FACE OF THE MAN HE HAD THOUGHT WAS HIS FRIEND!

HEY! A FIGHT!

IT'S DEAN AN' PETE!

HEY, BOSS, LOOK!

HITTIN' AT ME FOR TELLIN' YUH THE TRUTH, EH? OKAY, DEAN HAMMER! DRAW... AND DRAW FAST!

I'LL DRAW... AND I'LL BLAST YUH!

A SHOT RANG OUT...ONE SHOT...

ALL RIGHT, DEAN! HE'S HIT! THAT'S ENOUGH!

HE DESERVED IT!

I HEARD THE WHOLE THING, BOSS! PETE SAID SOME MEAN THINGS ABOUT YOU AND DEAN DIDN'T LIKE 'EM!

DEAN... YOU FOUGHT... ON ACCOUNTA ME?

I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD IT IN ME, BOSS ...NOT TILL HE SAID THINGS ABOUT YOU THAT I COULDN'T TAKE!

THANKS, BOY, THANKS! YOU'RE A FIGHTIN' MAN! THIS AIN'T YORE LAST ROUNDUP, IS IT?

NO... BUT I GUESS IT'S MINE! I'LL BE ON MY WAY!

NO ONE LOOKED AT PETE MEADOWS AS HE LEFT! BUT AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD HE STOPPED AND LOOKED BACK FOR A FINAL LOOK AT THE LIFE HE LOVED SO MUCH... AND AT HIS LAST ROUNDUP...

NOBODY WILL HIRE ME AFTER THIS BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! AT LEAST THE OLD MAN'LL HAVE HIS WISH AND DEAN WILL GET THE RICHEST SPREAD IN THE COUNTRY!

THEN PETE SLUMPED IN HIS SADDLE AND SLIPPED SLOWLY TO THE GROUND...

LOST...TOO... MUCH BLOOD...! CAN'T MAKE IT ...BACK!

IT'S... MY... LAST... ROUNDUP...

YUH BEAT A GOOD MAN THERE, DEAN!

PETE? I *THOUGHT* HE WAS GOOD!

THAT'S NOT WHAT CORKY MEANS, SON!

UNTIL YUH CAME ALONG THERE WASN'T A BETTER MAN IN THE WEST THAN PETE MEADOWS! HE NEVER SAID ANYTHING MEAN AGAINST ANYBODY... AND HE COULD FIGHT BETTER'N A BAGFUL OF WILDCATS! AND NOBODY COULD BEAT HIM TO THE DRAW... NOBODY!

NOBODY BUT **YOU,** DEAN!

EVEN-TEMPERED? A GOOD FIGHTER? A FAST DRAW? AND I BEAT HIM?

HEY! WHERE YUH GOIN'?

SOMETHING'S WRONG! I COULDN'T BEAT A MAN LIKE THAT IN A THOUSAND YEARS! I'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM TELL ME WHY HE DID WHAT HE DID!

AND SO THE TWO FRIENDS FOUND EACH OTHER AGAIN...

DEAN... YUH SHOULD'A GONE ON WITH THE ROUNDUP...

HOWDY, PETE! LEMME SEE THAT WOUND!

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT NOW! HE GOT DELIROUS AND BLABBED THAT HE TRIED TO GET ME MAD ENOUGH TO HIT HIM SO YOU'D THINK I WAS A MAN, JAMISON!

YOU *ARE* A MAN, DEAN!..

LATER, AFTER DRESSING PETE'S WOUND...

...AND SO'S PETE! SO I GOT *TWO* HEIRS NOW!

WHAT'D YUH THINK O' THAT, PETE?

LIKE I SAID... THERE NEVER IS A LAST ROUND-UP!

THE END

ATLAS FOR THE BEST IN WESTERN THRILLS LOOK FOR THE ATLAS SEAL ON THE COVER! ATLAS

Bent glanced at him cautiously.

"Um . . . Martha and I were figurin' that . . . maybe . . . you ought to take it easy from now on, Doc, stop worrying about where to get the money to pay your bills." He paused and harrumphed again. "About time you . . . uh . . . retired, don't you think, Doc?"

Tallant sat up, bristling suddenly.

"*Retire?*" he barked. "I'm never goin' to retire! I liked this town when I came here fifty years ago, and I like it now." His voice faltered. "A little lonely now and again, but I can stand it. If I had just a little money I could stand it fine." He glanced up brightly at Bent Parson. "You know, Bent, Roaring Vale's a good place to live." He chuckled, and stared down toward the tumbling stream that had given it its name. "Baker creek's pretty noisy with all them rocks in her, but she's a good place for a bath or a drink."

Bent shook his head.

"Look, Doc," he pursued. "You go to the county poor farm, why they could use your medical help in all sorts of ways . . ." He broke off and then went on, musing. "How long is it since you treated your last patient?"

"Longer than I care to recollect," Doc said. "But I remember who it was. Some young feller, poor as a churchmouse." Again he chuckled. "Had a bad appendix. Couldn't pay me but he said I did a good job." Doc sighed. "It was good to work in those days, to help people. It was a real town, then." And he gazed wistfully about the silent streets.

Bent Parson suddenly started. Again it was an odd but familiar noise, only smoother. A large car breasted the rise before the creek and came booming over the bridge. It was a new car, powerful and shiny. Doc sat upright again, in astonishment as it headed toward the general store and stopped right beside Bent Parson's auto. In the front seat was a man and his wife, middle-aged folk. The man said, smiling slightly: "Reckon I haven't broken any traffic laws?"

Doc rose and bowed professionally.

"I'm acting mayor of Roaring Vale, and I just don't know of any traffic laws you could break! Welcome, strangers!"

The man and woman got out.

"We're just tourists," the man

said. "Looking for something interesting and real Western, to buy."

Doc led the way to the back yard through the store, while Bent Parson toted the flour sack and the canned goods after him. They came out into a patch of brilliant sunlight planted with green grass. In neat, bare squares between the patches of grass lay row on row of bottles.

"I collect bottles," the man said. "That kind. Pretty color, aren't they?" He walked over and inspected them all carefully, while his wife and Doc Tallant watched. Suddenly the man whistled, picked up a bottle and held it out. It sparkled with the golden-flecked glory of royal purple. "Say, this is a find," he exclaimed. "Look at that color, Helen! Very rare!"

The woman nodded.

"Probably due to certain chemicals in the original glass mix," the man said. "Probably couldn't be duplicated again for a thousand years." He took out a checkbook, wrote out a check, handed it to Doc. Doc took it and gaped.

"A . . . a thousand dollars!" he gasped. "B-B-But m-mister . . . !"

"That's all right, Doc," the man said. "I believe in paying the full value of what I get. You can verify that checking account if you don't believe it. Come on Helen." He turned back to Doc. "And thanks, Doc."

There was a moment of silence after the man and woman had departed in the car. Doc handed the check to Bent Parson. "Deposit it, will you, Bent, in the bank for me?" He paused and then said puzzledly. "Funny feller. How did he know my name was 'Doc'?"

In the car as it retraced its path to the main highway, the man turned to the woman as he drove, and smiled. With one hand he tossed the purple bottle far off the road where it smashed on some rocks.

"Thanks for helping me," he said. "I heard he needed money, but I didn't know how to give it to him. Pretending that bottle was a rarity made it easy. He has enough now for a long while."

"But why did you do it, Dan?" his wife asked, smiling.

He smiled back. "Old Doc Tallant saved my life here many years ago when I had appendicitis. I was broke then; I couldn't pay him." He glanced through the rear-view mirror. Roaring Vale stood out in all its ghostly splendor. "Reckon I've paid him back now."

THE END

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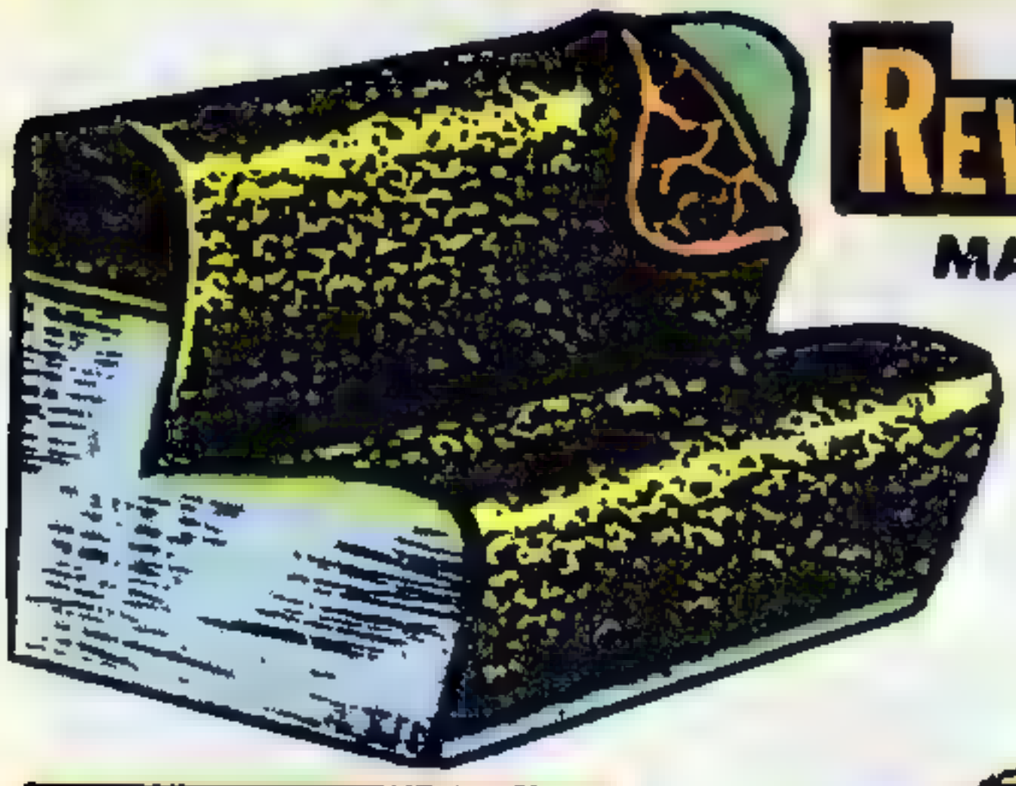

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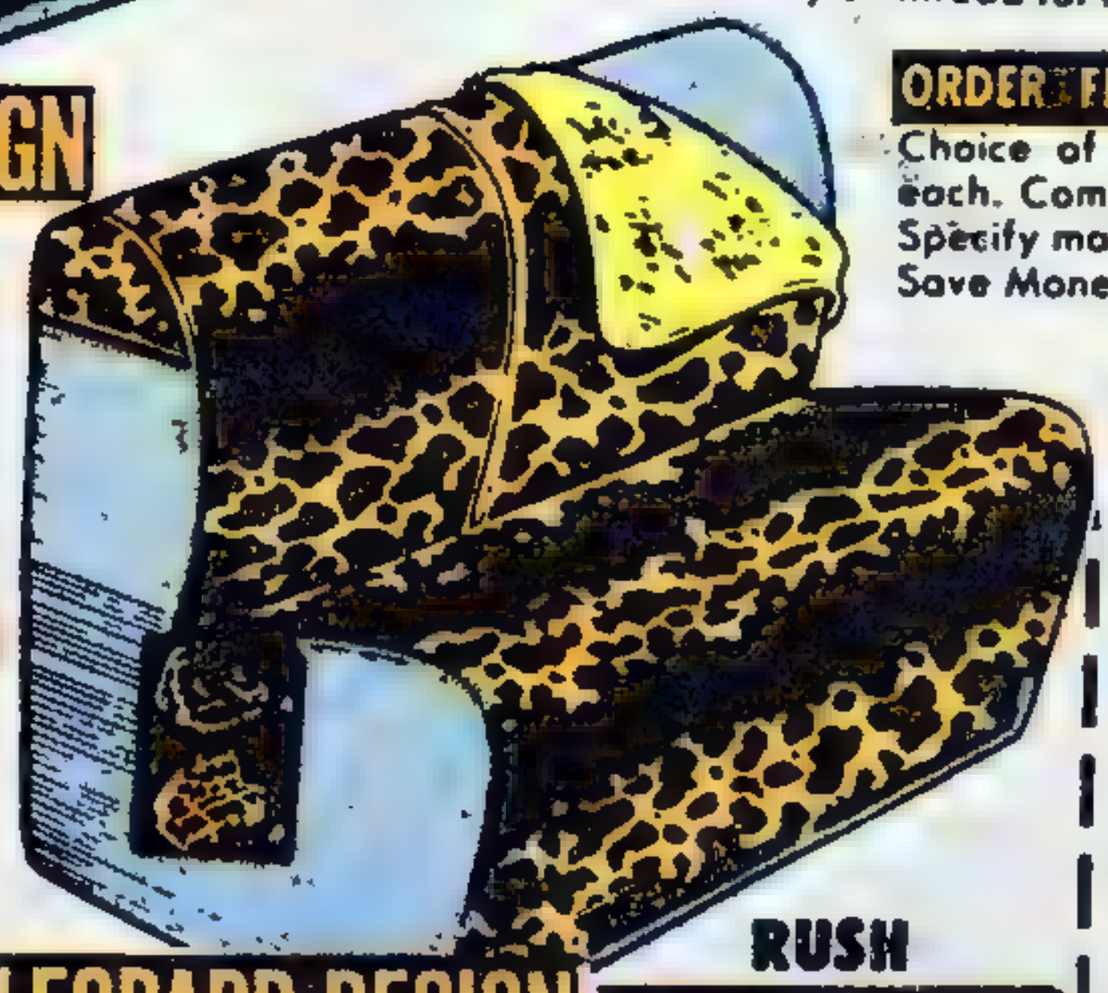

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BILLY BUCKSKIN

IN "SIEGE!"

BRACE YOUR MEN, LIEUTENANT... THEY'RE MAKING ANOTHER ASSAULT!

WAK!

BEEOW!

THE DIN OF BATTLE SHATTERED THE AIR WITH CRACKLING FURY, AND ALONG THE RIDGE OF THE BATTERED SLOPE, BILLY BUCKSKIN AND A SMALL BELEAGUERED ARMY PATROL FOUGHT VALIANTLY BACK AGAINST THE MUCH LARGER MEXICAN FORCE...

FOLLOW ME, COMPADRES!

DOWN WEETH THEE AMERICANOS!

BUT THE COURAGEOUS PATROL, WITH BILLY IN THEIR LEAD, SWARMED OUT TO MEET THE ATTACK...

OH-H...

AND BY SHEER HEART ALONE, THEY SLOWLY STEMMED THE TIDE...

RETREAT... BACK TO OUR LINES! WE WEEL DEAL WEETH THEE DOGS ANOTHER DAY!

MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE MEXICANS WITHDREW...

THEY STILL HAVE US, BILLY... AND THEY KNOW IT! OUTNUMBERED AND TRAPPED ATOP THIS HILL... IT'S ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME!

BUT TIME IS ALL IMPORTANT, SIR, AND WE CAN PUT IT TO *GOOD* USE!

SOAPY HERE HAS VOLUNTEERED TO TRY GETTING BACK TO THE FORT! IF HE DOES, HE CAN BRING BACK REINFORCEMENTS!

IT'S A LONG CHANCE, LAD... BUT IT MIGHT WORK!

AND WHILE SOAPY'S GONE, SIR, MIGHT I TRY PUTTING ANOTHER PLAN INTO EFFECT?

WHATEVER YOU SAY, BILLY!

THEN, WITH THE COMING OF DUSK, BILLY SET OUT ON HIS MISSION...

SO FAR SO GOOD! THEIR CAMP CAN'T BE FAR AHEAD NOW!

WHAT EES THEE NEWS, CHICO?

BUENO, COMPADRE! OUR LEADER HAS A GREAT PLAN! PRETTY SOON THEE AMERICANOS WEEL BE NO MORE! GO NOW, I TAKE OVER THEE WATCH!

SOON WE WEEL DRIVE THE AMERICANOS OUT FOR GOOD AND ALL OF TEXAS WEEL BELONG TO MEXICO! THEN WE HAV' ONE BEEG *FIESTA!*

MAYBE WE EVEN... *MPHHHHH...*

IN SWIFT SILENCE, BILLY TRUSSED THE FALLEN GUARD...

HE SHOULD KEEP WELL IN THOSE BUSHES, YONDER... WHILE I TRY TO LEARN THEIR PLAN!

THAT LOOKS LIKE THE HEAD-QUARTER TENT AHEAD! I'LL HAVE TO GET AS CLOSE AS POSSIBLE!

AND WHEN HE CRAWLED WITHIN EARSHOT...

EVERYTHING EES READY! IT ONLY AWAITS YOUR COMMAND!

BUENO, BUT WE WEEL GO OVER EET ONCE AGAIN!

WE WEEL WAIT TILL WE ARE CERTAIN THEY SLEEP, THEN WE WEEL TAKE THEE CANNON UP THIS TRAIL TO A POINT ABOVE THEE RIDGE! WITH THEM BELOW, AND TAKEN BY SURPRISE...EET WEEL BE *EASY!*

EXCELLENT...*MAGNIFICENT!*

I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO OUR POSITION... AND *FAST!* THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, WHEN HE GOT BACK TO CAMP...

AND-THAT IS THEIR PLAN, S R! TO BRING THEIR CANNON ABOVE US, AND THEN TAKE US BY SURPRISE!

WE CAN'T STOP THEM, AND WE'LL BE HELPLESS AGAINST ***CANNON!***

NOT TOO HELPLESS! THERE ARE TIMES WHEN STRONG, WILLING ARMS CAN PROVE ***SUPERIOR*** TO CANNON .. AT LEAST WE CAN ***TRY!***

NOT MANY MINUTES LATER, ALONG THE TRAIL THE MEXICANS PROPOSED TO TAKE...

YOU MEN KNOW WHAT MUST BE DONE, AND WHERE.. LET US WORK QUICKLY!

THE LAD'S RIGHT! LET'S BE ON WITH IT!

THE HOURS MOVED ON, AND ALONG TOWARDS THE DARKEST PART OF NIGHT, THE ENEMY BEGAN ITS ASCENT UP THE NARROW TRAIL...

SOON NOW WE SHALL HAVE OUR REVENGE!

SI! VERY SOON NOW!

BUT FROM A POINT ABOVE...

HERE THEY COME NOW, BILLY!

AND HERE'S HOPING OUR PLAN'S A SUCCESS!

QUICKLY THEY LEAPED TO THEIR POSITIONS, STRAINING AGAINST THE TREE TRUNKS WHICH THEIR SHARP AXES HAD NEARLY SEVERED! THEN, WITH A SPLITTING ROAR...

THAR THEY GO! ***TIMBER-RRR!***

TURN BACK ..PRONTO, ***PRONTO!***

BUT AS THEY REVERSED THEIR STEPS, A RENDING SOUND BROUGHT QUICK DESPAIR...

LOOK, MORE TREES FALL! THEY'VE *TRAPPED* US!

SOON THE AIR FILLED TO THE RESOUNDING CRY OF...

CHARGE!

AND TRAPPED BY THE TOPPLING GIANTS, THE WOULD-BE ASSAULT WAS REVERSED TO A BUMBLING STANDSTILL...

NOW, MEN... AT THEM... BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO RECOVER!

YET THERE WAS HARDLY A NEED, AS THE HUDDLED GROUP WHIMPERED AND PLEADED FOR MERCY...

WE SURRENDER!

WITH SOAPY'S ARRIVAL AT DAWN, THERE WAS NO LONGER ANY NEED FOR THE REINFORCEMENTS...

IT LOOKS LIKE YUH DID IT AGAIN, BILLY! YUH NOT ONLY TURNED DEFEAT INTO VICTORY, BUT WE END UP WITH PRISONERS AN' A MESS O' CANNONS BESIDES!

SAY, BILLY, AIN'T'CHA GOIN' THE WRONG WAY? THEY'RE GOIN' TUH MAKE A BIG *SHINDIG* AT THE FORT IN *YORE* HONOR!

I KNOW, SOAPY! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOING *THIS* WAY! I RECKON THE LESS *FUSS* THE *BETTER!*

5

THE END

BILLY BUCKSKIN HAS HIS *OWN* BOOK, PACKED FULL OF BRAND-NEW EXCITING ADVENTURES OF THE WEST! GET *BILLY BUCKSKIN* TODAY!

PRICES DOWN!

WE MUST CLEAR OUR SHELVES—regardless of cost! Take advantage of this unusual offer while it lasts. You must use the SPECIAL SALES COUPON below in order to get these SPECIAL PRICES!

18" WALKING DOLL

~~7.98~~ **4.98**

WASH, COMB and SET her Hair in any Style

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WALKS! STANDS! SITS! SLEEPS!

A wonderful gift for a little girl. So life-like, you might believe she's real. Even her head moves, when she walks! Lovely Party Dress, Panties, Shoes and Socks come off to wash and dress her..... $4.98

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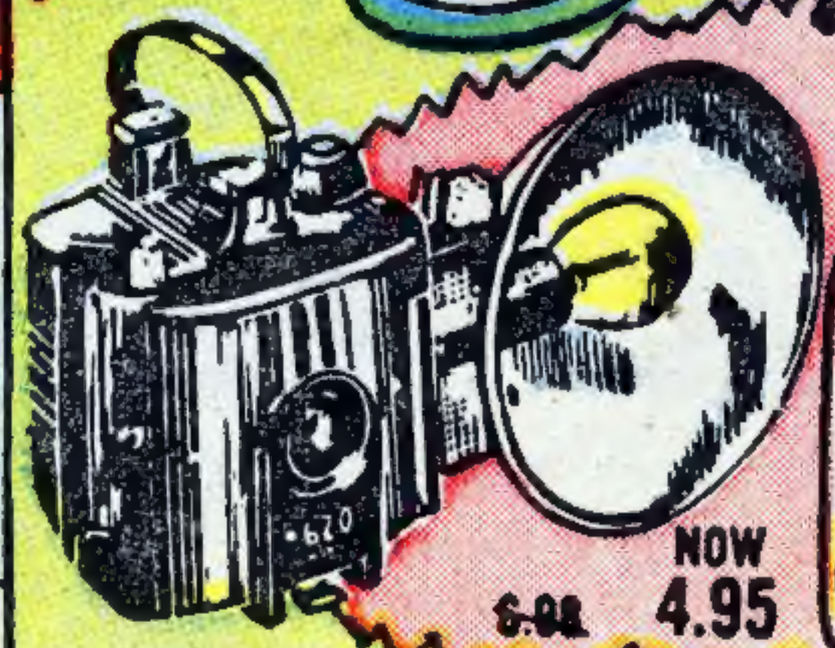
INDOORS! OUTDOORS! BLACK & WHITE! FULL COLOR! PARTIES! NEWS SHOTS!



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An AMAZING Camera. Takes pictures DAY or NIGHT, indoors or outdoors. Sharp BLACK and WHITE snapshots or FULL COLOR photos, using Kodacolor film. 12 Big pictures on 1 Roll of film. Flash attachment snaps on or off in seconds. Catch valuable news photos. Win admiration at parties, dances. NOW $4.95

CHECK FOR FILM ☐ Special #620 Orthochromatic, 3 ROLLS for..... $1.00

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BEST for active men and boys. SHOCK-RESISTANT and ANTI-MAGNETIC! Luminous Dial! Jewelled Movement! Red Sweep-Second! Expansion Bracelet. NOW $6.98

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Ladies' Jewelled Watch in a smart Gold finish case. Dial has 12 Flashing imitation DIAMONDS and RUBIES. Glamorous Snake Bracelet NOW $8.49

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TELLS
- TIME
- DATE
- SPEED
- DISTANCE

SPORTSMAN'S WATCH. Ideal for outdoor use. Measures speed, distance. Luminous Dial, Unbreakable Crystal, fine Jewelled movement. With Expansion Bracelet. $8.95

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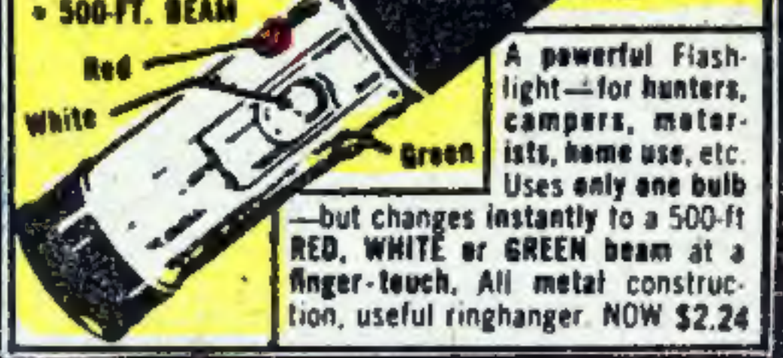

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A Handsome, Masculine Ring with your own INITIAL set in Raised GOLD effect on a BRILLIANT RUBY-RED color stone. With 2 SPARKLING imitation DIAMONDS on the sides. Rich 14K R.G.P. NOW $3.79

3.79 ~~4.95~~

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Fine BIRTHMONTH RING with your own PERSONAL BIRTHMONTH STONE set in a real GENUINE 10K GOLD Mounting on Solid Sterling Silver shank. Beautifully engraved. Choose Ruby, Emerald or Sapphire colors. NOW $3.98

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Send RING SIZES, INITIAL WANTED and your BIRTHMONTH. If you need more room attach a sheet of paper

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UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC

including a Gorgeous Trousseau of

7 COMPLETE OUTFITS

BUY DIRECT and SAVE!

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Plastic Raincoat

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SHE WALKS!

SHE'S A BIG 18 INCHES TALL

SHE HAS REAL SARAN HAIR

COMMENDED BY THE CONSUMER SERVICE BUREAU OF PARENTS' MAGAZINE

Hollywood Bride Has Everything!

- SITS—STANDS—SLEEPS • HEAD TURNS • UNBREAKABLE
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She's really 7 dolls in 1! She's dressed in an exquisite wedding gown of shimmering rayon satin—and has a complete trousseau suitable for any "dress-up" occasion. You can change her costume, wash and wave her hair in any style. She turns her head as she walks. Unbreakable, washable plastic body. Sparkling "go-to-sleep" eyes. She sits up and stands. Fully jointed, finely detailed, 18 in. high. ***You get all 7 outfits and this lovely doll at one unbelievable low price.***

She Sits Up — Sleeps!

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Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do *ALL I did!*

I gained **25** Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work! for WINNING at all SPORTS!

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JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon Below is Cleveland

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He says, **I gained 70 lbs.** of mighty muscle

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These **5** PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES Which YOU can NOW get FREE

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Millions Sold for $1

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles."
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HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
1
"I added 7 inches to my CHEST 3 inches to each ARM," says Jobie Jackson
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
2
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
3
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
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HOW TO MOLD MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT
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GET ALL 5 FREE

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You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me **10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME** like Jim did and I'll give **YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY** for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

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Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

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World's Great EXPERT Tells You How YOU Can BECOME An All-Around ALL-AMERICAN HE-MAN in 10 MINUTES of FUN A DAY IN YOUR HOME
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